THE MORNING STAR.

VOL. I—NO. 42. WILMINGTON, N. C., TUESDAY, NOV. 12, 1867. PRICE THREE CENTS.

MORNING STAR.

PUBLISHED DAILY,

By WM. H. BERNARD,

Office, No. 3 South Water St.

☞ THE STAR is mailed, or delivered to subscribers in all parts of the City, at $2 50 for Six Months, or $1 25 for Three Months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square one day,	$ 75
" " two days,	1 25
" " three days,	1 65
" " four days,	2 00
" " five days,	2 25
" " one week,	2 50

☞ Contract Advertisements taken at proportionately low rates.

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RAIL ROAD LINES.

Wilmington & Wel. R. R. Co.

OFFICE CHIEF ENGINEER & GEN. SUP'T, WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 11, 1867.

ON AND AFTER THE 12th OCTOBER, the following Schedule will be run over this Road:

DAY PASSENGER AND MAIL TRAIN.

Leave Wilmington daily (Sundays excepted), at 6:00 A. M.; arrive at Weldon, 3:00 P. M.
Leave Weldon daily (Sundays excepted), at 10:30 A. M.; arrives at Wilmington, 7:00 P. M.

NIGHT EXPRESS, MAIL AND PASSENGER TRAIN.

Leave Wilmington at.....9:30 P. M., daily.
Arrive at Weldon at.....6:00 A. M., "
Leave Weldon at.....6:25 P. M., "
Arrive at Wilmington at.....2:20 A. M., "

EXPRESS FREIGHT TRAIN.

Leave Wilmington daily (Sundays excepted), at 4:00 A. M., and arrives at Weldon at 6:00 P. M. Leave Weldon daily (Sundays excepted), at 4:00 A. M., and arrive at Wilmington at 6:00 P. M. Trains pass Goldsboro' at 2:00, 10:30 and 10:50 A. M., going north; at 2:50, 10:15 P. M., and 10:50 A. M., going South, connecting with Trains to Raleigh and Newbern at 10:30 A. M., and further points at 2:50 P. M.

☞ Papers on the line of the Road copy this and omit all other Schedule notices.

S. L. FREMONT, Chief Eng. & Gen. Sup't.
oct12-18-tf

Wilmington, Charlotte and RUTHERFORD RAIL ROAD.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Wilmington, N. C., Aug. 9, 1867.

ON AND AFTER TUESDAY Next, August 13th, the Passenger Train on this Road will leave Wilmington on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
Arrive at Sand Hill same days, at 3 P. M.
Arrive at Wadesboro' (Stage), at 12 midnight. Leave Wadesboro' (Stage), on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2 P. M.
Reave Rockingham (Stage), on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4:30 A. M.
Leave Sand Hill (Cars) Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
Arrive at Wilmington same days, at 3 P. M.

W. I. EVERETT, Gen. Sup't.
sept23-1-tf

Wilmington and Manchester RAIL ROAD COMPANY.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 5, 1867.

ON AND AFTER OCT. 6th, PASSENGER Trains of this Road will run on the following Schedule:

EXPRESS TRAIN.

Leave Wilmington.....2:30 A. M.
Arrive at Florence.....8:10 A. M.
Arrive at Kingsville.....11:45 A. M.
Leave Kingsville.....11:30 A. M.
Arrive at Florence.....2:55 P. M.
Arrive at Wilmington.....8:55 P. M.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

Leave Wilmington.....7:50 P. M.
Arrive at Kingsville.....10:36 A. M.
Leave Kingsville.....2:00 P. M.
Arrive at Wilmington.....5:15 A. M.

Express Train connects closely at Florence with the North Eastern Rail Road, for Charleston, and Cheraw & Darlington Rail Road, for Cheraw, and at Kingsville with the South Carolina Railroad, for Columbia and Augusta.

Accommodation Train will run daily, Sundays excepted, and connect at Kingsville with South Carolina Rail Road for Columbia and Augusta.

WM. MACRAE, Gen. Sup't.
oct7-13-tf

DRAFT BOOKS! DRAFT BOOKS! DRAFT BOOKS! DRAFT BOOKS!

For sale at WM. H. BERNARD'S Printing House and Book Bindery, No. 3 South Water Street.
oct5-11-1t

NEWBERN REPUBLICAN, Newbern, N. C., Published Tri-Weekly.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, Hand-Bills, Posters, Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Business Cards, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, Account Sales, Prices Current, Rail Road Blanks, Clerks' and Sheriffs' Blanks, Constables' Blanks, &c., &c., printed at WM. H. BERNARD'S Printing and Publishing House, No. 3 South Water Street.
oct29-31-1t

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY.—Record Books, Ledgers, Journals, Dockets, and other Blank Books, in endless variety, manufactured at WM. H. BERNARD'S Printing House and Book Bindery, No. 3 South Water Street.
oct15-19-1t

THE ROANOKE NEWS, PUBLISHED Semi-weekly at Weldon, N. C., by Stone & Lyon.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept30-7-tf

DRY GOODS, &C.

Down Come the Prices!

The Crash in Dry Goods has Come, and all Goods are Way Down!!

DRESS GOODS

AT HALF PRICES AT

RYTTENBERG BROS',

43 MARKET STREET,

SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK SALES is our motto, giving the public the benefit of the last panic prices, at which our entire stock has been purchased.

Fast Colored Prints at 7½ Cents and upward;
Brown Shirting 8 " "
Bleached do., 8¾ " "
All the best DeLaines down to 25 Cents;
French Merinos, all colors, One Dollar;
Alpacas, Empress Cloth, Reps., all colors;
All Wool Shawls, $1 75 and upwards.

Greatest Bargains of the Season.

Cloaks of the Latest Styles, and for all ages;
Flannels, all colors and grades, prices low;
Hoop Skirts in great variety, all sizes;
Good 10-4 White Blankets, $4 and lower.

The Best Kid Gloves in the City, Our Own Importation, $1 25.

Corsets 65 Cents; best $1 and $1 25;
Everything new in Cloak, Dress Trimmings and Buttons;
Great variety of Linens, Embroideries and White Goods;
Good all Linen Towels for $2 25 per dozen;
Hosiery cheaper than ever.

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Cassimeres, Satinets, Tweeds, Jeans, Cottonade for Men and Boys' Wear, at Prices which will Astonish Every Buyer.

The largest and finest assortment of Gents' Furnishing Goods.
The Best Paper Collars in the City for 25 Cents per Box.

DON'T PAY THE BIG PRICES, when you can get the same for 50 per cent. less at

RYTTENBERG BROS',

where you have the largest and cheapest stock to select from.

We invite the particular attention of Wholesale buyers to our well selected stock, and the extraordinary inducement and liberal terms we offer.

P. S.—All Goods warranted as represented or money refunded.
oct20-2i-3m

SUTTON & CHILD,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN STOVES, LAMPS, LANTERNS, PUMPS, KEROSENE and SOLINE OIL, TIN and SHEET IRON WARES.

Will keep constantly on hand an assortment —OF— Cooking, Parlour and Office

STOVES,

Of Various Patterns and Styles,

Tin and Galvanized Roofing, Gutter and Conductor Pipe, done promptly and at the

Lowest Possible Price, FOR CASH.

They feel confident they can give satisfaction, and solicit a share of public patronage.
Wilmington, Sept. 30, 1867. -tf

WASHINGTON COLLEGE,

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

GEN. R. E. LEE, President,

Aided by a corps of Twenty Instructors, including a Professor of Law.

THE NEXT SESSION WILL BEGIN on the third Thursday in September, and end on the third Thursday in June.

Lexington may be reached by stage from Staunton or Goshen, on the Virginia Central Railroad, from Lynchburg by Canal, or by stage from Bonsack's, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad.

For further particulars, apply to the Clerk of the Faculty for Catalogues.
oct4-11-2m

Advertise! Advertise!!

THE

CHERAW ADVERTISER,

POWELL & WORLEY.

PUBLISHERS.

THE MERCHANTS AND BUSINESS men of Wilmington are informed that the *Advertiser* enjoys a large circulation in the Eastern part of South Carolina, and the lower part of North Carolina, and offers them an unequaled medium through which to reach country merchants and dealers. And the advertising terms are so low as to be an inducement.

Apply to WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, or to the Publishers,
POWELL & WORLEY, Cheraw, S. C.
nov9-10-tf

DRAWBACKS.

WE HAVE NOW, COMPLETE, THE Forms for Drawback under Internal Revenue Act. The set comprises nine different forms, all prepared according to the new regulations.
For sale at the office of the MORNING STAR.
oct22-3tex

WESTERN SENTINEL, PUBLISHED Weekly, at Winston, N. C., by George M. Mathes.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
oct31-33-tf.

MARION STAR, MARION, S. C., PUBlished Weekly, by W. J. McKerall, Proprietor.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

WM. H. BERNARD'S PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY, and PAPER RULING ROOMS, No 3 South Water Street. oct2-35-1t

THE MORNING STAR,

PUBLISHED DAILY,

—AT—

WILMINGTON, N. C.,

BY WM. H. BERNARD.

No. 3 South Water Street.

THE CHEAPEST

DAILY NEWSPAPER

—IN—

North or South Carolina!

THE STAR

CONTAINS

Latest Telegraphic Dispatches,

Local News, Market Reports,

and General Intelligence.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

To City Subscribers, delivered in any part of the City,

50 Cents per Month.

MAILED TO SUBSCRIBERS AT

$2 50 for 6 Months,

1 25 for 3 Months.

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Lower than those of any Daily Newspaper in either of the Carolinas!

☞ Address all communications to

WM. H. BERNARD, Proprietor,
sept23-1-tf WILMINGTON, N. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT 34.

The Cheap Store

THE CHEAP STORE,

THE CHEAP STORE.

NOW IS THE TIME

—AND—

WALDRON'S

THE PLACE,

TO SUPPLY YOURSELVES WITH

DRY GOODS.

He has just returned from the North, where he took great pains to select his SECOND STOCK of

Fall and Winter Goods

To meet the wants of his numerous customers. Waldron hit the nail on the head this time. He was in market just in time to reap the full benefit of the recent heavy decline in Dry Goods. Every advantage thus secured, Waldron is disposed to transfer to his patrons, without money and without price. His immense stock was bought at

THE VERY BOTTOM,

As every person will be convinced upon calling at

The Great 34,

Making a thorough examination of the various Departments and learning the astounding low prices of his Goods.

Every person who enters this popular Establishment goes away contented, happy, richer and *wiser*. They have bought something (could not resist the temptation, we are selfish) at the CHEAP STORE. They are satisfied that THE GREAT 34 is the place of all others to buy DRY GOODS.

HATS AND CAPS,

A superb Stock, all desirable shapes.

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

A good assortment, at very low prices.

☞ The BEST PAPER COLLAR IN THE WORLD.

☞ Cloth lined button holes and Magenta Edge, not to be found at any other house in the city.

Gentlemen, call and see them.

R. S. WALDRON,
nov8-39-tf 34 Market Street.

THE SCARCITY

—OF—

MONEY

IS DULY APPRECIATED BY THE PROPRIETORS OF

THE CLARENDON CLOTHING HOUSE!

Where all kinds of

CLOTHING

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Are sold at

Greatly Reduced Prices.

Clothing Made to Order,

IN THE LATEST

—AND—

MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES,

HAAS & CO., Proprietors,

Clarendon Clothing House,
nov6-37-1w No. Front St.

CHERAW ADVERTISER, CHERAW, S. C., Published Weekly, H. C. Powell Proprietor.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

RALEIGH PROGRESS, PUBLISHed Daily and Weekly, at Raleigh, N. C., by Guthrie & Orr, Proprietors.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

ORANGEBURG NEWS, ORANGEburg, S. C., Published Weekly, Samuel Dibble, Proprietor.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

GREENSBORO PATRIOT, GREENSboro, N. C., Published Weekly, W. F. Caldwell, Proprietor.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS, GOLDSBOro', N. C., J. B. Whitaker, Proprietor.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

DAILY MORNING STAR, GOLDSBOro', N. C., W. Whitaker, Proprietor.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

SUMTER WATCHMAN, SUMTER, S. C., Published Weekly, Gilbert & Flowers, Proprietors.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

SUMTER NEWS, SUMTER, S. C., PUBlished Weekly, Darr & Osten, Proprietors.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

CRESCENT, MARION, S. C., PUBlished Weekly, S. E. McMillan, Proprietor.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

INDEPENDENT PRESS, CONCORD, N. C., Published Weekly.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

OLD NORTH STATE, SALISBURRY, N. C., Published Tri-Weekly and Weekly, Lewis Hanes, Editor and Proprietor.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept24-1-tf

AMERICAN, STATESVILLE, N. C., Published Weekly, Eugene B. Drake & Son, Proprietors.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

DAILY NEWS AND WEEKLY CAtaba Watchman, Charlotte, N. C., Jones & Johnston, Proprietors.
WM. H. BERNARD, Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
sept23-1-tf

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"DIARY OF A REFUGEE."

The following amusing extract is from the "Diary of a Refugee," a very readable book recently published by Messrs. E. J. Hale & Son, 16 Murray Street, New York, and one which every North Carolinian and Virginian should have in his library:

WESTWOOD, HANOVER COUNTY, VA., *January* 20, 1867.—I pass over the sad leave-taking of our kind friends in Clarke and Winchester. It was very sad, because we knew not when and under what circumstances we might meet again. We left Winchester, in the stage, for Strasburg at ten o'clock at night, on the 24th of December. The weather was bitter cold, and we congratulated ourselves that the stage was not crowded. Mr. —— and the girls were on the back seats, a Methodist clergyman, a soldier, and myself on the middle, and two soldiers and our maid Betsy on the front seat. We went off by starlight, with every prospect of a pleasant drive of eighteen miles. As we were leaving the suburbs of the town, the driver drew up before a small house, from which issued two women with a baby, two baskets, several bundles, and a box. The passengers began to shout out, "Go on, driver; what do you mean? there is no room for another; go on." The driver made no answer, but the women came to the stage-door, and began to put in their bundles; the gentlemen protested that they could not get in—there was no room. The woman with the baby said she *would* get in; she was "agwine to Strasburg to spend Christmas with her relations, whar she was born and raised, and whar she had not been for ten years, and nobody had a better right to the stage then she had, and she was agwine, and Kitty Grim was agwine too—she's my sister-law; and so is baby, 'cause baby never did see her relations in Strasburg in her life. So, Uncle Ben!" she exclaimed to the driver, "take my bag, basket, and box by you, and me and Kitty and baby, and the bundles and the little basket, will go inside." All this was said amidst violent protestations from the men within: "You can't get in; driver, go on."—But suiting the action to the word, she opened the door, calling, "Come, Kitty," got on the step, and thrust her head in, saying: "If these gentlemen is gentlemen, and has got any politeness, they will git out and set with Uncle Ben, and let ladies come inside." A pause ensued. At last a subdued tone from the soldier on the middle seat was heard to say: "Madam, if you will get off the step I will get out."—"Very well, sir; and why didn't you do that at first? And now," said she, looking at a man on the front seat, "there's another seat by Uncle Ben; sposen you git out and let Kitty Grim have your seat; she's bound to go."—The poor man quietly got out, without saying a word, but the very expression of his back, as he got out of the stage, was subdued. "Now, Kitty, git in, and bring the little basket and them two bundles; they won't pester the lady much." The door was closed, and then, the scene being over, the passengers shouted with laughter.

Our heroine remained perfectly passive until we got to the picket-post, a mile from town. The driver stopped; a soldier came up for passports. She was thunder-struck. "Passes! Passes for white folks! I never heard of such a thing. I ain't got no pass; nuther is Kitty Grim." I suggested to her to keep quiet, as the best policy. Just at that time a Tennessee soldier had to confess that he had forgotten to get a passport. "You can't go on," said the official; and the soldier got out. Presently the woman's turn came. "Madam, your passport, if you please." "I ain't got none; nuther is Kitty Grim (that's my sister-in-law); we ain't agwine to git out nuther, 'cause we's gwine to Strasburg to spend Christmas with my relations, and I aint been thar for ten years, and I never heard of white folks having passes." "But, madam," began the official—"You needn't to 'but, madam,' me, 'cause I ain't agwine to git out, and I'd like to see the man what would put me out. This is a free country, and I'se agwine to Strasburg this night; so you might as well take your lantern out of my face." "But, madam, my orders," began the picket. "Don't tell me nothing 'bout orders; I don't care nothing 'bout orders; and you needn't think, 'cause the Tennessee man got out, that I'se agwine to git out—'cause I aint. Ain't I got three sons in the army, great sight bigger than you is? and they fit at Manassas, and they ain't no cowards, nuther is their mother; and I ain't agwine to git out of this stage this night, but I'm gwine to Strasburg, whar I was born and raised."

The poor man looked non-plussed, but yet another effort; he began, "My dear madam." "I ain't none of your dear madam; I'se just a free white woman, and so is Kitty Grim, and we ain't no niggers to git passes, and I'se gwine 'long this pike to Strasburg. Now I'se done talking." With this she settled herself on the seat, and lent back with a most determined air; and the discomfitted man shut the door amid peals of laughter from within and from without. In a few minutes we were quiet again, and all began to settle themselves for sleep, when the silence was broken by our heroine: "Kitty, is you sick?" "No," said Kitty. "Well, it is a wonder. Gentlemen, can't one of you take Kitty's seat, and give her yourn? she gits monstrous sick when she is a-riding with her back to the horses." There was a death-like silence, and my curiosity was aroused to know how she would manage that point. After a few moments she began again. "Kitty, is you sick?" "No," says Kitty, "not yit." "Well, I do wish one of you gentlemen would give Kitty his seat." Still no reply.—All was becoming quiet again, when she raised her voice: "Kitty Grim, *is* you sick?" "Yes," said Kitty, "just a little." "I knowed it; I knowed she was sick; and when Kitty Grim gits sick, she most *in gineral flings up!*" The effect was electric. "My dear madam," exclaimed both gentlemen at once, "take my seat; by all means take my seat." The Methodist clergyman being nearest, gave up his seat and took hers. The change was soon effected amidst the most uproarous laughter, all feeling that they were fairly outgeneralled the third time. From that time until we reached Strasburg, at two o'clock, she kept up a stream of talk, addressed to the baby, never interrupted except once, when the quiet-looking soldier on the front seat ventured to say, "Madam, do you never sleep?" "Never when I'm a-travelling," was the curt reply; and she talked on to the baby: "Look at all them mules—what a sight of fodder they must eat! The Yankees come down to fight us, 'cause we'se got niggers and they ain't got none. I wish there warn't no niggers. I hate Yankees, and I hate niggers too," etc., until we got to Strasburg. She then called out to "Uncle Ben" not to carry her to the depot—she was "agwine to her uncle's." "Whar's that?" cried Uncle Ben. "I don't know, but monstrous nigh a tailor's." One of the passengers suggested that we might be left by the cars, and had better go on to the depot. But she objected, and we had become a singularly non-resisting company, and allowed her to take—what we knew she would have—her own way.

Diminutive.

In the town of Coburg, N. Y., two months ago, an infant was born which weighed only one pound. The child is now in the third month of her existence, and has gained a pound and a half. An ordinary sized gentleman's finger ring will easily pass over her arm to the elbow, and her shoes are just two inches long.

Men refine liquor, but liquor never returns the compliment.

An Incident of Married Life.

A wild young fellow married a lovely girl, and having long been addicted to the habits of dissipation; even the sincere attachment which he entertained towards his wife could not entirely disentangle him from snares. His occasional irregular hours would have given any one but one of so pure and sweet a disposition every reason to suspect that she did not hold that place in his affections, which was her right; but this reflection scarcely ever intruded upon her spirits.

It happened once that he was called out of town, in haste, and left behind him a letter, in which, to please an unprincipled friend, he had spoken of his wife in terms of carelessness, if not derision, and dilated freely upon his course of life. Imagine the anxiety and suspense of the profligate, when he found himself borne by a rapid steamer upon a journey which must of necessity be of several day's duration, yet remembered distinctly that the fatal letter was exposed, unsealed, upon the table. He recollected, too, with a pang, that he had wantonly boasted that it contained a profound secret which he would not have revealed for the world. He paced the deck in agony of grief and shame. He pictured her opening the letter, turning pale with horror and indignation—perhaps fainting with anguish—alarming the servants—flying to her father, and renouncing him forever.

As soon as he returned, but with a sinking heart, he entered his dwelling; bracing himself to meet the fury of an enraged and wretched woman. He opened the door softly. She was bending over the table busily writing. A placid smile sealed her mouth of perfect beauty, and spread over her glowing features the mild expression of joy and peace; and even as she wrote, the fragment of a sweet ballad fell from her lips in low music that only flows from a heart entirely at rest. The husband stole noiselessly around and read as her pen traced her gentle thoughts.

"Your letter is lying by me, the very letter containing the 'profound secret.' Now I could punish you for your carelessness; but my dearest Charles, how could I look you in the face when you return, after having basely violated your trust in my integrity, and meanly sought to gratify a silly curiosity, at the expense of honesty, delicacy, and confidence.—No, the letter is unopened, and lest you should feel uneasy, I enclose it to you with the sincere love of your affectionate wife."

"What an angel!" uttered the conscience stricken husband.

She started up with a cry of pleasure, and as Charles met the light of her clear unshrinking eyes, he was humbled that he should have suspected her and deeply struck with repentance at his own conduct. He henceforth severed all ties that drew him abroad. And if the pure being whose influence lured him to the path of right had perused all his subsequent letters, she would have found nothing concerning herself save bursts of the sincerest love and admiration.

A Suicide's Excuse.

John Buckner, who lately committed suicide in Kentucky, left, as an apology for the act, the extraordinary letter given below:

"I have no country, no family, no home, no money, no health. I am old and feeble, almost a stranger to my kindred. If I had the physical strength requisite to maintain myself, I might desire to live; but my spirits have been so broken down that I could do nothing useful. I should, if I lived longer, be a burden upon my friends and relatives. My vital powers are completely sapped. This has been becoming more evident every year since the agonizing strain upon my constitution by the death of my poor little wife, Jane, and afterwards by the loss of the liberties of my country. I see nothing in the Book of God which forbids us from putting an end to our lives when we can no longer do any thing; but, if we live, must inevitably become hurtful to others. I have most earnestly prayed my God to take me away; or, if it was not His good pleasure to do so, (as I had the physical power to do so,) to give me the right in my *will* and *action* in this matter, that I might do nothing inconsistent with His holy will. And, under all these circumstances, I felt impelled by an irresistible impulse to quit this lonely scene of sorrow and suffering, and join my dear little wife and all my departed friends and relatives in the spirit land."

(From Gen. Hill's "Haversack."

Hard on the Officers.

The lying down anecdote below, comes to us from a re-*li*-able friend:

Trees, stumps and rocks, were sometimes in demand during the progress of a fight. A good lying place (not a lawyer's office) might often be turned into cash.

As for instance—a member of company F., 14th N. C. I.—by the way, the company with which Gov. Vance entered the war as a Captain—was giving his friends at home an account of a very fierce fight on the Peninsula. He said: We were marching through a thick wood to flank a portion of the enemy, and just as we entered the edge of an old field, three or four Yankee batteries opened on us at short range, with grape and canister. Such a storm I never saw since I was born! The Colonel shouted out, "lie down," and down we fell quick, but the dirt and gravel flew all over us, the limbs fell on us, and there was not a thing in the world to shield us from the terrible storm, and we had to just lie still and take it.

"Why did'nt you get behind a tree?" suggested a deeply interested listener.

"Tree, the devil," said company F., "there was'nt enough trees for the officers!"

Suicide of a Farmer.

George Look, a farmer, living near Harrisburg, Pa., hung himself yesterday to a rafter in his barn. It seems that he arose early and assisted his wife in getting ready to go to market. He then returned to bed, where he remained till day light, when he got up, held family worship, and breakfasted with the children, and at a later hour left the house. When his wife and one of his sons returned his absence gave them no uneasiness, thinking he had gone to some neighbor's house. Toward evening the body was found suspended in the barn. Look was forty-five years of age, in easy circumstances, an exemplary christian, and one of the best citizens in the townsip. No reason can be assigned for the rash act.

John Quincy Adams.

It may not surprise you to learn that the name of your late candidate for Governor, John Quincy Adams, is being much used in political circles here in connection with the next Presidency. It is the expressed opinion of many that had he been elected Governor of Massachusetts he would have been the strongest man for the Conservatives in the next Presidential election.—*Washington Correspondence Boston Post, Nov. 6.*